

Who I Am

by beatlesgrl

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Summary: BlÃ¶ng or Blaine as he likes to be called is struggling with being a Viking and being...other things. My take on How to Train Your Dragon with Kurt and Blaine.

1. Chapter 1

This is Lima.

It's twelve days north of Hopeless and a few degrees south of Freezing to Death. It's located solidly on the Meridian of Misery. My village; in a word? Sturdy, and it's been here for seven generations, but every single building is new. We have fishing, hunting, and a charming view of the sunset. The only problems are the pests. You see, most places have mice or mosquitoes. We haveâ€!

Dragons.

Most people would leave. Not us, we're Vikings. We haveâ€|. stubbornness issues. My name's BlÃ¶ng. Great name, I know. I go by Blaine. But it's not the worst. Parents believe that a hideous name will frighten off gnomes and trolls. Like our charming Viking demeanor wouldn't do that.

Chief of the tribe is Starkad the Vast. He stands tall and broad, a Viking helmet placed firmly on his tiny head. He is the very definition of a Viking. He has a long beard and long hair braided down his back. He also was very strong. They say that when he was a baby he popped a dragon's head clean off of its shoulders. Do I believe it? Yes, I do.

"What have we got?" He asks the men nearby, on the lookout for dragons to attack.

"Gronckles, zippleback, and somebody saw a Monstrous Nightmare." Another Viking nearby answers.

"Any Night Furies?" He says with a little bit of worry. Not too much, though; he is a tough Viking after all.

"None"

"Good." Starkid says with a relieved sigh.

His best friend and right hand man with attitude and interchangeable hands is Vermund. He's the village blacksmith. I've been his apprentice ever since I was little. Well, little-er. "Blaine! Nice of you to show up, I thought a dragon had come by and picked you up!" He says as he's hammering out a damaged weapon. I had just run in after being yelled at by every villager to "GET BACK INSIDE!" Things tend to go wrong when I'm outside.

"Oh I'm too tough. They wouldn't know what to do with allâ€|this" I say back, flexing while throwing on my apron really quickly.

"They need toothpicks, don't they?" Vermund says with a laugh.

Oh and then there's Artie, David. the twins Rachel and Mike and... Kveldulf. (We call him Kurt) They're running around with water buckets putting out all the fires they could. Kurt doing it soâ€|fabulously though. Like he was BORN to be a Viking.

Aw, their job is so much cooler. Putting out fires from all these dragon attacks... While I'm stuck sharpening the weapons and tinkering around. They get to be where the action is; with the other Vikings taking down the dragons and defending our sheep and food.

One day I'll get out there though. Because killing a dragon is everything around here. A Nadderhead is sure to get me at least noticed. Gronckles are tough. Taking down one of those would definitely get me aâ€|date. A Zippleback? Exotic. Two heads, twice the status. Then there's the Monstrous Nightmare. Only the best Vikings go after those. They have this nasty habit of setting themselves on fire. They burn down the majority of our village. But the ultimate prize is the one dragon no one's ever seen. We call it the Night Fury. This thing never steals food, never shows itself and never misses. No one has ever killed a Night Fury. That's why I'm going to be the first. That'll get Kurt to definitely notice me.

I notice during this attack that a Night Fury does show up. While Starkad is battling a Monstrous Nightmare, a Night Fury comes screaming out of the night and fires on our catapult. The villagers just manage to get out of the way before the catapult comes crashing down onto one of our shops.

"I've got to go out there and defend them!" Says Vermund as he hobbles past me, switching his hammer on his arm for an axe. He stops just before the door and turn to me. He says, "Stay. Put. Here. You know what I mean." Then, screaming, he turns and goes after a Gronkle.

I nod and wait until he's completely out of sight before I make my move. I grab my newest invention; it's a machine that fires this string with two rocks on it. It helps to take down dragons in the sky. I haven't gotten it quite perfected yet (the first time I tried

it I ended up hitting a villager in the head and knocking him unconscious) but I was determined to make my move and get a dragon. I run outside with it (the chorus of "GET BACK INSIDE!") hitting my ears) and get it set up as fast as I could in an open area. "Come on, give me something to shoot at!" I say to myself, scanning the skies for something, ANYTHING, to take down.

On cue, a Night Fury comes across the sky and hits a tree nearby me. I fire it in it's direction and I hear a scream, and I see it falling into the forest nearby.

"YES! I did it!" I yell and punch my fists in the air, "Did ANYBODY see that?"

>I hear a crunch and I whip myself back around to see a Monstrous Nightmare crushing my machine. "Except for you!" I turn and start running away from it, screaming my head off.<p>

As I'm running, I'm praying to the Gods for a small miracle. I go to hide behind one of our pillars, hoping that somehow, he won't see me past the pillar.

That is one smart dragon.

He shoots fire at me and gets the pillar to collapse onto our big nets, freeing the dragons that were already captured and getting all of our sheep in a net in one swoop. Starkad runs up to the Monstrous Nightmare to fight him off, but it just takes off with some of our food.

The pillar then continues to fall and destroy some of our pier and even more buildings. Starkad the Vast comes up behind me and gives me his disappointing look.

Oh and there's one more thing I should mention...

"Sorry dad." I utter.

2. Chapter 2

"Ok, I know this looks bad, but I hit a Night Fury." I try to say to my dad as he starts to drag me off to our hut, the sun had just started to rise after our tough battle. "OW, dad! It's not like the past few times! I really hit one this time!"

"Blaine. Stop. Listen, you are many things. But a dragon killer ain't one of them." He sets me down at our doorstep and turns to Vermund, who what hobbling right behind him, exchanging his axe hand for his normal hook. "Make sure he doesn't leave the hut." With that, he storms off to inspect the damage. With the sun out, it definitely didn't look as bad as it could have been, but our pier was still destroyed and most of our sheep taken.

"Why does he act like he's so disappointed in me all the time?" I sigh, Vermund giving me a look of comfort, "He looks at me like somebody forgot to add extra lamb to his sandwich. Why can't he see that I can be a dragon killer?"

"Look, Blaine, if you want to get out there and kill dragons you need to stop being all!" He hesitates, "This."

I look down to see what he was pointing at, "Butâ€¦you just gestured to all of me?"

"That's it!" He says with excitement, "Stop being all of you!"

I sigh again, opening the door to our hut, "I just want to be one of you guys." I walk in, shut the door, and then press my ear against the wood to hear if he had left yet. As soon as I hear his wobbling get dimmer, I run to the back door, grabbing my map book and knife as I go.

I start looking around the forest, making sure to cross off where I've been. At first I was really hopeful. How hard could it be to find a huge dragon?

* * *

><p>After a few hours, I slam my book shut. I still haven't found that stupid dragon! "What kind of idiot am I? Some people lose their keys or their socks. I happen to lose an entire dragon?" I kick a nearby tree in frustration, forgetting that in a battle between foot and tree, foot usually goes down first.</p>

After cursing several gods for several minutes, I notice that the tree I just kicked had some interesting marks in it. Like something had scratched as it-

As it fell down.

I look down the hill that I was apparently on and saw the marks all the way down to what looked like a hole in the ground. I run to the hole and finally find the dragon.

I approach the dragon very carefully. I have never seen a dragon this up-close before (excluding all the times I had a dragon trying to kill me. It's more common than it should be). This dragon was black, and he seemed to look like a huge land lizard.

I inch closer, drawing out my knife while doing so. The weapon I fired had wrapped itself around his wings so he couldn't fly away, and he looked like he was asleep or even dead.

"Iâ€¦I did it!" I shouted to the air, "I have taken down this beast!" I go to put my foot on my kill. I finally did it!

Of course the dragon happened to be more alive than dead. When I brought my foot down it woke him up, and he thrashes for a bit against the ropes binding him.

I realized then and there that I needed to kill him. "Ok, I can do this," I say to myself, "I'm going to cut out your heart and bring it to my father. That'll prove that I'm a Viking." I raise my knife in the air, ready to strike, and then I looked at him.

I look at the dragon in the eyes. He looked a bitâ€¦sad. Like he wasn't going to see anything else ever again. He looked frightened. The dragon seemed to sigh and drop his head to the ground in defeat.

I take a deep breath and drop my knife on the forest floor. I can't kill this dragon. I just can't. I turn to leave, but then I realized that even if I don't kill him with my knife, he'll die eventually, not being able to get away.

That's when I decided what I must do. I grab my knife where I dropped it and start to cut his ropes away from his wings. It didn't take long, only a couple slices and he was free. And pouncing on me.

Great. The day I decide to get a conscience about killing is the day I get a dragon to pounce on me. He looks me straight in the eyes, opens his mouth to breath fire at me, thenâ€¦

Turns around and takes off.

Next thing I knew I blacked out.

3. Chapter 3

After waking up with a very strong headache, I wandered back to my hut, the sun having set already. I kept stubbing my still hurting foot on the roots of the trees, then the rocks leading up to my hut.

I open the door, and noticed my dad was sitting at our fireplace. Oh crap. I'm sure my instructions to stay inside were meant to last all day. I close the door as quietly as you could close a door that weighs more than me, and start my sneak towards the stairs.

"Blaine, I need to speak with you."

Crap.

"Hey, dad, I need to say something to you too."

I take a deep breath. Here we go. Here's my chance to tell him that I can't kill dragons. That I can't hunt dragons because I just don't have it in me to kill them.

"I think you need to start thinking about your future as chief of this tribe."

I stop my sentence before I can even start it. THAT wasn't what I was expecting at all. "â€¦What?"

"You're close to 18 years, you're close to becoming a man. I'm not going to be around forever, so you need to learn what it's like to be a Viking and think about who you're going to marry."

MARRY?

Granted, my dad had married my mother at my age, but I hadn't even thought of who I couldâ€¦

Ok so I have, and I do know who I would marry. The problem is, I'm not sure marrying Kveldulf is part of my dad's "plan" for me to rule the tribe.

"Dad, I don'tâ€|I'm only 17? And no gu-body likes me like that. Nobody my age likes me period."

"Oh son, that's not true. They like you. You just need to stop being allâ€|this."

I sighed, "Dad you just gestured to all of me."

He continues like he can't hear me, "So to get you prepared to be a leader of our tribe, I'm enlisting you into dragon training. You start tomorrow."

"Actually dad, that's what I kind of wanted to tell you about. I don't think I can kill dragons-

"But you will son!" My dad chuckles, reaching over and grabbing an axe to give me.

"Ok, let me say this differently. Dad, I CAN'T fight dragons."

He starts to push me towards the stairs, "You need to start to learn how to be a Viking. I'm leaving tomorrow with the other dragon hunters to look for their nest; where they live. You start training first thing in the morning. Ok?"

"This conversation feels one sided."

"OK?" My dad finally stops pushing me when we get to my door. It's clear by his facial expression that he wants me to go to bed so I can be ready for Viking training.

"Fine." I sighed. After all, how bad could it be?

He smiles, then turns and heads back downstairs.

* * *

><p>"Welcome to Dragon Training!" Vermund says, opening the gate to the training arena. In the front of my group of trainees are Rachel, Mike, Artie, David, andâ€|him. He looked so gorgeous. His normally very styled hair was under a Viking helmet, and he was wearing a matching tunic with a brown belt and he was carrying an axe.</p>

I'm still kind of stammering over his outfit (how does one find fur-lined boots that match the color of his horns on his helmet?) and almost miss them going inside the arena.

I ran to catch up to them, and heard the end of their conversations, "-I hope I get a scar out of this."

"Yea, it's only fun if you can get scars from it." I hear Kurt (his voice is like an _angel_) say.

"No kidding, right?" I say to cover the fact that I wasn't there at the beginning of the conversation, "Pain? LOVE itâ€|"

The group whips around and stares at me. "Oh great, what's the town loser doing here? Didn't you catch a Night Fury, doesn't that _disqualify_ you?" David says with a sneer and laugh.

The group starts to laugh, except Kurt. Kurt just rolls his eyes and turns back to Vermund. I feel a bit more embarrassed after David said that. And in front of Kurt!

Still for the life of me can't figure out why I think of Kurt like that. Aren't I supposed to like girls?

"David, knock it off or I swear I'll track down a Night Fury and make it attack you!" Vermund shouts, sending a wink my way.

At least somebody will stick up for me. And I'll need it. I still can't lift that axe my dad gave me.

4. Chapter 4

HEY! Thanks so much for the reviews for this! It was just something I thought of in my brain and decided that it had to be done. The rating might go up later, depending on my mood, so watch out for that. I'm on tumblr if you wanna find me, my user name is beatlesgrl(.)tumblr(.)com. Just remove the parenthesis. Enjoy the next chapter!

* * *

><p>"Let's get started!" Vermund shouted. "Let's get to know ourselves a little bit more. It'd be easier to defend each other when we know all the little details of ourselves." Vermund chuckled, "Or harder."</p>

David cleared his throat, "Yea, my name's David. I'm the toughest here, so no one bother to beat me," At that he looks at the group, letting his eyes linger on Kurt. It's no secret that David has something against Kurt, but maybe that's because Kurt was the only one that could beat David up. "My goal in life is to kill 500 dragonsâ€|with my face." At that he sat down on the ground and started to pick at his nails with his axe. Men are such pigs sometimes. Except Kurt. He's always perfect.

Rachel raises her hand, "HI! My name's Thorlaug, but I didn't think that sounded feminine enough, so just call me Rachel. But of course you already know that! This is my twin Mike. Well, we're not really twins, we're adopted! Our dads adopted us and we just so happened to be born on the same year and day and hour, so we just call each other the twins, just to be funny since he's clearly not my sibling in any way shape or form. I'm only in dragon training to prepare for my role as a dragon hunter in the play coming up that I wrote, produced, and directed." She took a deep breath, and continued about what her play was supposed to be about, but everyone else just started to tune her out. Mike plopped down next to David and started to play with the rocks. Kurt picked up his hammer and started practicing throwing it (he never missed). Only Vermund seemed to be paying attention. I was hardly even paying attention anymore.

FINALLY, Vermund said, "That sounds beautiful, Rachelâ€|I think? Whose next?"

Vermund looked around at Kurt, Mike, and me, hoping we could stop Rachel from talking ever again and me.

Mike cleared his throat and said, "Ditto." He never really talked much anyways.

Vermund nods at this and turns to me, hoping I'd at least talk. However, it's Kurt that says something first. "I'm Kveldulf. Only call me Kurt behind my back and in your mind, cause like hell I'd trust anybody here to call me that." Kurt said as he threw his hammer one more time, but letting it sit there, "I was born to do this. I even hunted baby dragons when I was little and caught them. Of course my dad wouldn't let me kill them, but I caught a ton of them, that's what counts."

He pauses at this, like daring us to challenge him. My life certainly hasn't been that eventful. I can't even kill a dragon, although I had the chance.

Kurt nods at us and takes out his knife and starts to use it to pick at his fingers. David immediately stopped picking his nails and glared over at Kurt.

"Psh. Like you're really that tough. You're too much of a pretty boy to kill a-"

David never finished that sentence. Kurt jumped at him, holding his knife to his throat. "Maybe last year, when you picked on me like I was red meat, but not this year David. I'm faster, stronger, and smarter than you'll ever be."

All I can think is, "I chose correctly." Then I yelled at myself in my mind. I'm supposed to be attracted to people like Rachel. That's what my dad was telling me anyways. I need to find a GIRL, not a BOY.

Doesn't mean I can't admire his courage, though.

David had frozen at this, then he slowly brings his fist up. And by slowly I mean cracks it against Kurt's skull. Next thing I know, there's an all out fight, where everyone in the group started to punch and pull at each other. (Except Rachel. She was shouting, "THIS WILL GO PERFECT IN MY PLAY!")

This gives me ample opportunity. I sneak out of the arena and start running towards where I had last seen that dragon. When I get there, I see that I had left my knife there on accident. I pick it up, but then also notice that the trees nearby were taken down. I assumed that it was when I had shot the dragon down, but then I notice that they're going in the opposite direction of where he came down.

Hesitantly, I follow the path that the trees made and came to a valley. A valley in the middle of this hole-type thing in the ground. And there was the dragon. He was trying to crawl out of it on the other side.

"Why don't you just..fly away?" I quickly grab my journal out of my vest and start drawing this dragon. As far as I know, nobody has ever drawn a Night Fury. That's when I notice that his tail's damaged. He only has one fin on his tail. Maybe that's why he can't get out.

It's when I made this revelation that I dropped my charcoal stick (I swear they should call it something simpler than that) and it drops into the valley. The dragon then looks up at me, like, "What the hell you doing here?" I decide then that maybe it's a good time to practice my running away like a Viking, and make a hasty retreat.

5. Chapter 5

OMG I AM SO SORRY MY POOR READERS. I lost track of time, I had finals and I was traveling...So to apologize, I wrote the longest chapter yet. Thank's for sticking around and waiting patiently for this. I'll try to be better.

**And I'm sorry Erica for it not being angst but you can get over that. **

* * *

><p>"So I was just wondering if you could tell me anything about Night Furies? I mean I checked our book of dragons about them but there isn't anything about them. Is there a sequel, maybe a Night Fury pamphlet I could seeâ€|"<p>

It was then that the Deadly Nadder attacked me with a fireball while I was asking Vermund for help.

>"Come on, Blaine! You're not even trying!" He decided that today in training, we were going to begin training. And by training he apparently meant start fighting dragons.<p>

"Wait, shouldn't you teach us first?" David asked, running around the maze that had magically appeared in the arena.

"I believe in learning on the job, now GET OUT THERE!" Vermund shouted.

David jumps at this and runs faster from the Deadly Nadder, who seemed to take a liking to the 'twins'.

Although it seemed to not be attacking them for some reasonâ€|

"Good you found his blind spot. Now hide from it, stay in it." Vermund said with a slight chuckle in his tone. The idea of 17-year olds hiding from a ferocious man-eating animal in the small spot between its eyes seemed to amuse this guy. It didn't seem to amuse Rachel, though.

"Ugh, Mike! Don't you ever bathe? I told you specifically that good Viking bath at LEAST once a week, and it smells like it's been two-"

"Come off it Rachel, you always take the tub-"

"I MOST CERTAINLY DO NOT I only bathe twice a day there's no need to blame it ALL on me-"

"Rachel I'm going to make you gain a blind spot-"

"No I'm going to give YOU one-"

At this point in the bickering they had side-stepped out of the Nadder's blind spot- and into clear view of one of his eyes. They narrowly miss the batch of fire that the Nadder shoots.

"Blind spot yes. Death spot, eh not so much." Vermund says with another chuckle. I'm starting to believe that he actually DOES like torturing us.

"So is there ANYTHING you can tell me about Night Furies, orâ€?" Since the Nadder seemed distracted by the two-for-one meal, I was trying again with Vermund.

"No one has ever seen one and lived to tell about it now FOCUS BLAINE."

I sighed. I just needed to know how to deal with this new dragon I somehow captured. Why didn't it attack me in the woods? All the dragon books I read said that dragons always go for the kill. Which would mean that THAT dragon would've killed me, right?

Right?

I was so focused on my thoughts I almost didn't notice Kurt running right into me. And knocking me to the ground (Well he IS taller than me and he had some good momentum, seeing as the Nadder was right behind me).

Wait. Right behindâ€!

Yup, there he was, all blue and yellow andâ€|_spikey_.

Well crap.

Only problem was that Kurt was still on top of me, glaring at me with his classic bitch-please glare. Oh how that glare scared and thrilled me.

No. Just scared. I'm supposed to like girls.

"_BLAINE!" I _Kurt had shouted at me, and he wrestled himself off of me.

"Love on the battlefield." I hear David say, almost with pain in his face.

"Don't be silly, Blaine and I are meant to be. Blaine is the son of Starkad, I am the town's most eligible bachelorette-"

"Only cause you're the only girl our age-"

"Shush Mike!"

This group really sucks at whispering, I swear. I notice -with happiness I realized-that Kurt was blushing while we heard them all saying that. (I then realized I was too)

Too bad the Nadder had seen us too.

Gasping, Kurt went to grab his axe that he had been carrying, only for him to realize that it was stuck in my shield.

Kurt tried to pull it off several times, even sticking his foot in my face to pry it out, but we were running out of time. Frustrated, he finally ripped the shield off my arm and swung the axe (shield and all) at the Nadder's face, breaking my shield and causing it to run away from us.

"Well done, Kveldulf." Vermund says, although seemingly disappointed that one of us wasn't eaten.

Kurt is panting, but he seems more furious than happy that he attacked a dragon. He turns back to me, where I'm still on the ground.

"Is this some kind of a JOKE to you?" He shouts at me, "Our parent's war is about to become OURS. Figure out which side you're on." And with that he throws down his axe and walks away from me towards the gate, the group following behind him.

At dinner that night around the bonfire, I felt slightly ashamed that I hadn't at least TRIED this time to attack that Nadder. Not that it would've mattered; I still probably would've screwed it up like I usually do, like letting it go instead of killing it.

Why couldn't I have just killed that dragon!

Meanwhile, Vermund was telling a very detailed and graphic mind you- on how he lost his hand and foot during a battle with a dragon.

"I swear, I'm so angry right now!" David was shouting, his eyes on Kurt, who was eating his chicken leg and not paying attention, instead of Vermund. "I'll avenge your beautiful hand and your beautiful foot. I'll chop off the legs of every dragon I fight... with my face!"

"Now now, David, the TAILS what you really want." Vermund said back, ripping himself another leg off of the chicken rotating over the fire, "A down dragon is a dead dragon."

Oh no. That Night Fury can't escape. That's why it's stuck down in that ravine. He can't get out. He probably can't really eat either, there's hardly any fish in that pond that's why no one fishes there.

I get up from the group, where the topic has turned to Rachel's play and Artie trying to point out the inaccuracies of it ("Dragons don't just let you RIDE them all nilly-willy, Rachel. It might kill you." "Oh Artie, don't be so ridiculous.")

While I was sneaking out, I didn't notice Kurt seeing me leave, or him watching me walk back to my hut, or him giving me a look of concern.

The next day, I grabbed a fish to bring to the Night Fury as a peace offering, since I nearly killed it and all. I climb down into the ravine with my shield.

Don't know why I did that to be honest; it just got stuck between these big boulders anyways.

I take out my knife instead and walk around the ravine, keeping an eye out for black scales or blue fire. I finally spot him by the lake, and he seemed not very happy to see me at all. I show him that I have a fish, and he edges towards me. He seemed hungry too. But when he saw my knife, he growled. I hold out the knife away from me, dropped it, and kicked it a ways away from me, to show that I'm no threat.

As soon as I did this, he laid down and edged towards the fish again. He open his mouth and I noticeâ€|

"Hey, toothless. Huh, I thought you had-"

His teeth then seem to shoot out of his gums and he grabs the fish from my hands and gulps it down.

"-teeth."

He swallows, then turns to look at me again and starts coming towards me.

"No no, please don't eat me, I don't have any more!" I back away but trip on a rock, and then am pushed up to this bigger rock. I was stuck. Here it was, my last day, I'm going to be eaten by a dragon because I fed it a fish. I have the worst luckâ€|

But instead of eating me, heâ€|barfed on me.

Well kind of, what he barfed up was the body of the fish I just fed him. He then sat up like a dog and sat on his rear end. He looked at me like he expected me to do something, glancing at the fish.

Oh, he wanted me to eat the fish.

I picked up the fish and hold it in my hands, and he licks his lips (or whatever dragons have there.)

I bring it to my mouth, take a deep breath, and take a bite.

It was disgusting, but whatever it takes to make it trust me.

I chew for a bit, and swallow (as hard as it was). I then smile at him.

He cocks his head to the side, like he's never seen a human smile before. Then again, he probably hasn't.

Then the weirdest thing happened; he smiled back.

I guess he CAN trust me now.

6. Chapter 6

**So the whole "update more thing"? Yea I know, didn't happen. I had a friend that read it that kind of ruined writing it for me for a bit, but I'M BACK. Hope that this chapter was worth the wait, and if

it wasn't I'm sorry! **

* * *

><p>The next few days is a montage of me learning more about this dragon that I happen to have captured. We seem to develop a routine. I would bring him a fish, and he'd let me draw him and pet him. (If you can call me scratching at his black scales petting) But I've also learned some things about dragons that my dad didn't even know. I learned that dragons seemed to hate eel. They also have this spot on the bottom of their head that when scratched, they seem to collapse in happiness.</p>

Not that my dad wouldn't WANTED to know those things. He'd probably just ask me why I kept dreaming like I always did. I can't help it if I tinker a lot in the shop.

But with my dad gone, I can tinker and think freely, which I take full advantage of by making Nightingale (yea I gave him a name) a new tail fin-thing.

After I made it, I went to my normal spot, but this time bringing him a buffet of fish (minus the eel-truth be told I don't care for it much either) to distract him. While he's eating, I move cautiously to his tail.

Which is harder than it sounds, considering he twitches all the time.

I get a firm grasp of his tail (I have to straddle it to keep it from moving around too much) and set up my make-shift tail fin. I didn't notice that Nightingale had finished his fish, realized that his tail was suddenly balanced, and had prepared his wings to fly.

I was too busy checking to see if it would open up and work. It was a little rough, but I decided that it could work.

I'm glad that it did work too, because he decided that he was going to fly out of there, me still on his tail.

He takes off suddenly, and my reflexes kick-in in time for me to grab onto his tail and hold on for dear life. At first he doesn't get very far, and I notice that it's because his tail-fin didn't open up with him. When he starts falling, I panicked. I grabbed the tail-fin and slam it open, and he starts to fly instead of fall.

"OH MY ODEN!" I shout as we start flying high above the forest. I have never been this high up ever. We skim over the trees and I swear I can see for miles. He starts to fly down to his pond to graze over it. "I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S WORKING!"

All-of-a-sudden Nightingale seems to notice that I'm there, and he looks back at me. Next thing I know, I'm being flung into the pond, apparently Nightingale was done with me holding on. He obviously didn't realize that it was me that was helping him fly, since he crashed right after I landed.

Helping him fix his wing is going to be harder than I thoughtâ€|

* * *

><p>"Hey Blaine! I was just wondering if you were going to be busy tonight because I'm stuck on this part in my play and I can't really seem to figure out what to do next and you always seemed to be pretty creative considering you're always tinkering with something and inventing new things and-</p>

"RACHEL PAY ATTENTION!" Vermund shouts from his perch outside of the arena. Today we we're going up against a Hideous Zippleback, and it was terrible luck, but I got stuck with Rachel after we all got separated. The Hideous Zippleback releases this green gas with one head, and lights it with the other, but so far he had only blown the gas.

"Sorry Vermund! I was just asking Blaine if he wanted to join me in writing my fabulous play."

I sighed. Ever since Rachel made the connection that my father was Starkad, she has been bombarding me with offers to eat lunch with her and been asking me all about being the chief's son. Which even then isn't helping me fit in with the rest of the group. If anything, Ku-I mean, the group, just rolls their eyes whenever Rachel comes up to me.

But I haven't had the heart to tell her to go away, mostly because one, I don't have an excuse to not hang out with her, and two, the excuse I have is a complete secret.

So I've been playing along, hoping she'll get bored. But now she was actually asking me to come see her after class.

"Sure Rachel," I finally say, half-way through her explanation of the plot (again), "I'll be delighted to."

"OH MY THOR REALLY?" Rachel shouts, "This is so exciting! Alright, well you can come over after this class is done, then we can talk about why I'm stuck on the choice of love interest for my character, why there seems to be no boys to give her a chance with, and how-"

"Rachel, he already said yes, can you kindly shut your enormous clam mouth and try to fight this dragon?" Kurt shouts through the thick green fog that has been separating us.

I turn towards the voice to thank him, and come face to face with head one of the dragon. I look behind him and see that the fog had dissipated enough to let me see Kurt and the rest of the gang on the ground, being knocked down by head number two.

I look down at my bucket of water. The deal with it is we're supposed to get the head that lights the fire wet so we don't die.

This is a charming class isn't it?

I raise my bucket to splash water on this head (hoping it's the fire one, not the gas one), and the next thing I know, I'm soaked in water.

"OH MY GOODNESS BLAINE I AM SO SORRY! I was aiming for the head and you were in the way and I forgot that you'd probably get wet too. Oh

no I really hope that you still want to go out with me tonight even though I got you really wet--"

"RACHEL WILL YOU STOP THAT!" Vermund shouts over Rachel's ramblings. Rachel immediately slams her mouth shut and runs off to help Mike, who was currently tangled in Artie's legs.

I shake my head to get rid of some excess water, and notice that the other dragon head was coming towards me. And it appeared that dragon head number two was sparking.

Sparking? Oh THAT was the one that starts the fires. I heave my bucket at the dragon's headâ€|

â€|and it ends up sloshing on me instead. "Oh come on!" I say exasperatedly. I cannot catch a break!

"BLAINE!" I hear Vermund (and Kurt?) shout, and I know that this must be the end.

Then I remembered something that I had stashed in my shirt a couple days ago after seeing Nightingale. Something that he didn't seem to like.

Quickly, I unbutton my vest and get my eel to show a little bit. I then look at the heads and turn my body to let them see it.

As I hoped they would, they started to snarl at me and back away.

"BACK!" I say for dramatic effect. "AND DON'T LET ME SEE YOU AGAIN!"

I back them into their cage that they have specially built for the arena for the dragons to be released. It's actually designed really well, it's a big door made from stone that has a lever on it so we can pull it and the door will swing open and shut.

But I digress.

After I get them backed into the cage, I throw the eel in there, saying, "Now think about what you've done," and pull the lever and get the door to lock. I turn around and see the others, including Vermund, standing behind me giving me confused looks. "Soâ€|" I say, "Lunch time? I'm just going toâ€|yea. See you afterwards!" I run out of there to go see Nightingale before the end of lunch. I didn't realize until I got out of there and was petting Nightingale that no one has ever done that to a dragon. Oops. Hope that doesn't backfire on me.

7. Chapter 7

Surprise! I wrote this next chapter already! I'm just spoiling you all now...

* * *

><p>Of course, suddenly skipping out on our group lunches did not get me out of my promise to hang out with Rachel that night. As much as I

hated that idea, I did promise her that I'd come over andâ€œ|actually I wasn't quite sure what exactly it was we were doing. All she said was we were going to look at her play, but I thought she said that she was done with it a couple weeks ago.<p>

Then again, she also tried to convince me that she wasn't adopted, but I think that was a give-away considering she has two dads.

After class was over (Kurt took down a Deadly Nadder-or was about to before I scratched at that special spot under his neck-Kurt wasn't happy), I went with Rachel to her hut. Mike had decided to go to Artie's for a cart race (Artie seems to be faster on wheels than off), so Rachel and I had the whole hut to ourselves.

Goodie.

"Alright, so here is my humble abode," Rachel says, very confidently, "Please take off your shoes when you come in, this rug is an original that my dad made. You know he hunts bears and gophers when he's not hunting dragons? He's the best hunter in our village- of course, after your dad, though, he's the best- and when he's bored he'll go out and make a bear rug for the group-"

At this point, I stop paying attention and take in the looks of the hut. It's a seemingly small hut, but there appears to be an upstairs, which is rare in our village. I thought I was the only one to have one too.

There also seemed to be paintings of Rachel EVERYWHERE. Above the fireplace, one on the wall leading up to the stairs, even one on the ceiling right when you walked in. Mike seemed surprisingly absent. Then again, Mike never seemed like the type of guy to sit still long enough for a painting.

I look down and sure enough, the floor is covered in bear fur-although I doubt these bears had been killed by her father considering how grey they appeared to be around his snout; actually, I'd say these bears died of old age.

"Blaine?" Rachel's voice suddenly jerks me back to reality: I'm in Rachel's hut. "Blaine, I was wondering if you wanted something to drink? Water? Ale?"

"W-water's fine." I stutter. What am I doing here? I don't like Rachel at all, and there's no reason for me to be here.

She smiles and bounces away towards what I imagine is her back door to head to the well for water. Sighing, I look out the hut window to town, and see Kurt walking by with his axe. He looked angry about something, and I know that he goes off to the forest to blow off some steam. Looking back at where Rachel walked off, I turn and walk towards the door and towards Kurt. Maybe I can apologize to him about what happened this afternoon.

"Kveldulf! Kveldulf hey, wait!" He turns and looks at me, his anger very evident in his blue eyes, although if you weren't paying attention you'd say he just looked tired. His eyes narrow at me.

"What exactly do you want Blaine?"

I open my mouth, then shut it. I didn't really have anything to say to Kurt at all, I realized. "I-"

"Did you leave seeing Rachel to just come over here and tell me how you're 'better than me' because you stopped that dragon? I don't care how many tricks you somehow got, but I want in on how you know so much."

"I- what? No, no no no I'm not learning anything extra, I've just been getting lucky-"

"BLAINE!" I hear Rachel's voice calling me from the hut, "BLAINE I thought you were going to help me with this play! It's really important that I practice this play before I send it in to become-"

Kurt rolls his eyes, "Better get back to your_ girlfriend_ before she freaks out."

"Oh-she's not-we're not-I don't-"

"Please. 'Can you come over and help me with my play?' She's totally into you. And you decided to come over and 'help'. I'd say she's your future girlfriend." Kurt says, with some bitterness in his voice, "We'll talk about this later."

"Please, Kveldulf-"

"Kurt. You can call me Kurt, it's obvious that you want to anyways," Kurt waves his hand, "Now go."

He then turns and walks into a part of the forest where we keep a throwing range. I watch him go and sigh. He'd really make a great husband someday. And a good lead-

Supposed to like girls. Right. I turn and head into Rachel's hut. Maybe tonight won't be terrible.

* * *

><p>It was terrible.</p>

What we ended up doing was reading from her terrible play, and right where the lead (Rachel) saved the son of the chief (apparently me) and was so grateful, he would ask her to marry him and she would jump in his arms and kiss him silly.

That's really what it said in her script. "Man asks her to marry him. Excited, she jumps in his arms and kisses him silly."

Problem with that is I have NO strength. So instead of me catching her she topples me over and we end up on a pile on her bear rug ("This is SO not how it's supposed to happen-") "Rachel please be quiet and move your elbow, it's in my ribs") and we spend ten minutes wrestling off each other. Somehow after all that time, she had me pinned to the floor on top of me. She gives me this funny look, then says, "I'm going to kiss you now," She starts to lean in and pucker.

I panicked.

I somehow worm out from under her and take off to the only place I know; my workshop.

I needed to get my mind off of whatever it was Rachel was planning. I know I'm supposed to be 'into her' and all this stuff, but all she ever does is talk talk talk about nothing.

Frustrated, I threw my boots off under my desk and plop down onto my stool, putting my head in my hands and just sitting there.

Get my mind off of Rachel. Get my mind off of Kurt. Get my mind off of Nightin-

That's it! Nightingale can't use his new tail-fin without me. But I can't just ride on his tail. Maybe I could build a saddle to put on him.

The rest of the night is me putting together this brown leather saddle to put on Nightingale's back. I'll deal with Kurt and Rachel and all this other stuff tomorrow. Nightingale is what's important right now.

8. Chapter 8

Sorry this chapter is really short! Also, sorry it's been such a long time since I last updated. It's harder than I thought to do a WIP. But I decided to give you what I had so far and try to start a new chapter. I'll try to finish this sucker before the end of June I promise!

* * *

><p>The saddle seemed to work just perfectly. Although I seemed to fall off of it, it seems to work well enough for me to 'steer' him. If you can call pushing the make-shift pedal on the side to different setting steering.</p>

Rachel had started to ignore me during dragon training, which was fine with me. The farther her lips were from mine, the better. She is definitely not my type at all. More like my anti-type. If there is such a thing.

She seemed to take a liking to Kurt, however, which amused the rest of us greatly. They even were joking about it to me.

"So Kurt if you really wanted to help me out with this play, you should definitely come over sometime this week and-"

"Shut up, Rachel. And it's Kveldul to you."

"-incident with Blaine hasn't really helped my creativity at this point-"

"Rachel. Please be quiet."

"-could maybe add in a part where the my character THOUGHT-"

Vermund came up behind Rachel and smacked her upside the head with his hook attachment. "Rachel, if we wanted to hear your ramblings about your play, we would've asked."

Cue snickers from the rest of us.

Since my incident at dragon training last time, the rest of the group seemed to like me.

Well, not make fun of me as much at least.

And after talking to them, I realized just how much I liked them all. Especially Mike. Mike and I bonded over Rachel's crazy antics ("Believe it or not she did that to our servant boy Finn too." Mike told me while Kurt was trying to run after a Gronckle and run away from Rachel's ramblings, "And Finn was kind of seeing our maid Quinn at the time, poor girl")

Kurt looked over from Rachel's craziness and straight at me. I gulped quite loudly. I hadn't forgotten Kurt asking me to teach him how I know all these things about dragons all of a sudden, but I couldn't bring myself to arrange a meeting.

He quirked an eyebrow and I knew that death must be upon me soon.

But instead, he turned back to Vermund and nodded at him.

Vermund nodded back and started, "Now it's time for your next lesson; don't underestimate your enemy."

He turned and walked over to the next door holding the dragon and turned a crank. Some clicks sounded out from behind, then a little flap opened at the bottom to reveal a very tiny dragon.

"HA!" David said from behind Rachel (she had pouted after being told to be quiet and walked over to Artie, who was practicing his throwing skills, to complain), "It's like the size of my-"

All of a sudden, it flew right past us and landed on David's face, knocking him over. This dragon then started to chew on his nose.

"AAAHHHHH! GET IF OFF OF ME! GET IT OFF OF ME! KVELDUL! VERMUND! HELP!"

I sighed, and picked up my shield. I had figured out, watching Nightingale, that dragons act like cats around sun spots you can create with shiny objects. Using the metal on the shield, I created one similar spot next to David. As I predicted, the dragon hopped off of him and started chasing it. I made the spot go back into the cage, and lock the door. As I did, I heard Artie say, "Wow, Kveldul, he's a better dragon hunter than you'll ever be!"

I cringed as I heard that. Things like that isn't going to help me not to be killed by Kurt. I turn back to the group, "So are we done? Because I've got things yea."

I start to run out of there, shouting as I left, "See you

tomorrow!"

* * *

><p>As I hoped, Nightingale didn't rip off the saddle I made for him. He even seemed to adapt himself to sleeping in it. Which is good because it took me all night to make it and I really don't want to make another one.</p>

I give Nightingale my daily fish, and turn to grab my cheat sheet for the daily riding session.

And run right into Kurt staring at me with murder in his eyes.

9. Chapter 9

Updating now is kind of fun for me, only because a friend of mine who reads this freaks out when I actually do. For those who are waiting for Kurt/Blaine to finally just bite the bullet and kiss, that's coming up next chapter! For now, enjoy some Kurt yelling at Blaine for being stupid.

* * *

><p>Of course seeing Kurt made me jump, which made me somehow fall, so now I was on the ground with Kurt standing over me.</p>

"Kurt! Wha-what are you-"

"Oh yes. That seems to be a more important question at this point, especially when you just gave a dragon a fish!" Kurt looked furious at me, like I had murdered our entire village.

I suppose in a way, he sees me as doing just that.

"Kurt," I say getting up and putting my hands out towards him, "Please don't scare Nightingale, he's sensitive to people-"

"Oh you even gave it a NAME?" Kurt poked me in the chest, which caused me to fall back down again. "Oh this makes it SO much better!"

"Kurt please! Let me explain-"

"What's there to explain? You're pretty much keeping a dragon as a pet! A dragon which, may I remind you, takes our food and kills us!"

I sighed, "I know this looks bad, but please let me-"

"No. You cannot give me a good enough reason for wanting to keep this THING alive." With that, he turns and starts to run back to the village.

"Du-du-da, we're dead." I grab Nightingale and get him to take off in Kurt's direction.

* * *

><p>With some reluctance from Kurt (The only way to get him to stop was to grab him from mid-air by his arm and put him in a tree) I finally got Kurt to get on Nightingale's back so I can fly him around. At first he screamed ("OH GOD BLAINE I SWEAR TO GOD I AM GOING TO FEED YOU TO A DRAGON."), then he started swearing, then he finally calmed down and was silent. He even wrapped his arms around my chest tighter (I was in heaven of course).</p>

We flew for the rest of the day, and into some of the night.

"Alright Blaine, I have to admit, this is amazing." Kurt said, a little breathless, "Nightingale's amazing."

I sighed with relief.

"Blaine, do you think you couldâ€¦I don't know, help me train my own?"

I almost crash Nightingale into the water, the question startled me so much. "W-w-what?"

Kurt sighed, "This isâ€¦amazing. I just want to be able to experience this for myself."

"Kurtâ€¦you can't just CATCH a dragon. Catching Nightingale was a fluke!"

"I justâ€¦I wish I could feel this free all the time."

I think back to his parents. His mother was killed in a dragon raid a long time ago, and his fatherâ€¦well he'd been at the raid too, but didn't notice. Actually, his father Bergfinn (we call him Burt) was with my father right now looking for the dragons.

"Kurtâ€¦I'm so sorry you feel trapped."

With no response from him, I sigh and land Nightingale in his little valley. We slide off of him, and he goes to his normal spot and plops down to sleep.

Kurt and I just stand there for a few minutes, not saying anything to each other. "Kurt." I finally say, "What if our parents don't come back this-"

"They will. My dad and your dad are tough. Really tough." Kurt says without any hesitation, although I can see it in his eyes. The thought of Kurt losing his fatherâ€¦

I can't imagine him having to go through that pain.

But before I can respond, Kurt punches me in the arm.

"OW!" I shout.

"That's for lying to me." He then pulls me into a huge hug.

"That's forâ€¦everything else." With that, he starts running back to his hut.

I turn to Nightingale, with a dopey grin on my face. Nightingale just rolls his eyes at me and closes his eyes.

"If you were like me, dude, you'd be excited to." Still smiling to myself, I start to skip (yeah skip) back.

* * *

><p>I thought that showing Kurt what flying was like would make him nicer to me in the arena.</p>

Apparently not.

"BLAINE!" Vermond shouts over David's taunting of me tripping (although he'd done the same thing not two minutes ago) and Rachel's rant about how she's 'rediscovered' her love for Finn ("Since Quinn's break up with our poor servant boy, he's been emotionally distraught and I realized that I had still felt things for him so I've kind of taken him under my wing-"). We were just training with our weapons today, learning how to handle them since some of us (ok me) don't use them that often.

Mike and Artie had chosen throwing an axe, Rachel and Kurt had picked the hammer, and David and I had picked spears.

Spears are the only thing I can lift ok?

Kurt, instead of defending me against David's taunts, or even just saying hello to me, ignored me the entire day. Even afterwards, when I went to grab him, he shook me off and left for his hut.

Sighing, I leave as well. Maybe a good flight with Nightingale will clear my head.

But on my way there, I see a black figure in the sky, soaring around, and it looked like-

Kurt had taken Nightingale. Kurt was riding Nightingale without me. Or the cheat sheet in my pocket.

10. Chapter 10

Thanks for sticking by so far! I saw the other ay that I had over 2,000 hits to my story, that's huge to me! Considering this is the first Glee fanfiction I've written, this is awesome for me. Thank you to my loyal readers! Onto the story!

* * *

><p>"KURT!" I scream in vain, hoping to catch his attention, "KURT!"</p>

No response. Kurt seems to be heading back towards the valley, however, so I take off for the valley, hoping I was right.

I was.

When I get there, Kurt had just landed Nightingale and was scratching him under the chin.

"Kurt!"

He looks towards me as I say that, out of breath and kind of angry. Kurt didn't ask me to take Nightingale. What if he had gotten hurt? What if he had crashed Nightingale into a tree? What if the other villagers had seen him? I couldn't risk Nightingale being shot down just because I allowed him to be hurt and unable to fend for himself.

"Kurt how could you just take Nightingale without-"

"David kissed me last night as I was heading back."

I froze, my jaw half-slacked. It wasn't any secret that he harbored a secret crush on Kurt. The Karofsky's seemed to be the only one that hadn't noticed. In fact, they were also blind to David's bullying towards Kurt.

"W-wh-what? Heâ€|he what?"

"Kissed me Blaine." Kurt had started to cry, but he stayed straight faced while speaking, "I was walking back to my hut after our flight, and he cornered me. He was going on about how he felt sorry for last year, for how he treated me, and then he leaned in and kissed me. He stole my first kiss." At this he broke down and started sobbing, falling to the ground and curling up into a ball. Nightingale looked at Kurt, and back at me, and laid down next to him, wrapping a wing around Kurt and Kurt cuddled into him.

"Kurt, I-"

"He just kissed me Blaine!" Kurt turned away from Nightingale and was laying facing me, "He didn't ask, he just assumed I'd forgive him and want to be with him!"

I didn't know what to say to that. I didn't know how to help Kurt. No one in the village knew that I liked the presence of men over women.

Then again, my father didn't even know.

"_Kurt_," I say again, "I am so sorry. I don't even know what-"

"I took Nightingale because he made me feel free yesterday. Like nothing in this world can bother me. Nothing can get to me." Kurt sniffles at that, and stares at me.

I didn't have anything to say to that. "Didâ€|did you want to go for another ride?" I ask timidly.

He nods, "I didn't know what I was doing,"

I chuckle a little, "Yea it takes some getting used to."

Kurt smiles at that, then gets up and swings onto Nightingale. Nightingale gets the point and stands, waiting for me to get on.

At that moment, I realize: this is what I want my life to be like forever. Doesn't seem too bad.

* * *

><p>Kurt seemed to warm up to me after that. Every day, we would go to the arena together, passing each other quips about life. At dragon training, we would dominate over everyone else, since we both now knew how to handle dragons without hurting them. After that, we would race each other to Nightingale and go on a flight around the island.</p>

This went on for about a week, and then we got word that the dragon hunters were on the way back from their quest, unsuccessful once again at finding the nest.

Just in time for our big "final", where one of us gets the honor of killing our first dragon.

More like nightmare. Kurt and I are finalists.

"What are you going to do about Nightingale?" Kurt asks me after our daily ride, and we're lying in the grass nearby the lake in the valley.

Next to each other, and our hands are so close they're touching.

How am I surviving? Wait, he just asked me a question.

"I don't really know, I think I'll keep here for now, and thenâ€|"

Kurt rolls over and sits up, his head resting on his hand. "Blaine your dad and my dad, they both come back this week. And then one of us is going to have to kill a dragon. Do you think you can do that?"

I scratch a little at my thigh, "Iâ€|I don't know Kurt."

Kurt sighs, "You know, we're going to have heads turn because I like men."

I immediately sit all the way up. "So?"

Kurt sighs again, "Blaine, the whole village knows that I like men, and you're the chief's son. People are talking about how we're dating, and it'll be hard for you to get a wif-"

"Husband." I say without thinking.

Kurt stops and stares at me. "Wait, youâ€|you'd like a husband?"

I grunt and lay back down, "Yea, but no one ever bothers to ask. They just assume I would want a wife, when really all I dream about is having yo-a man on my arm."

He keeps staring, "Did you just say me?"

I froze. Oh crap.

He leans in towards me, but that's all. "Did you just say you wanted to be my husband?"

"I screwed up, uh, I meant a guy at some point I didn't mean to single you out I, uh, I-"

Kurt leaning in and kissing me, which made me go quiet.

Kurt was wrong about how riding Nightingale felt like freedom. Because doing this? This was more like freedom to me.

11. Chapter 11

I AM SO SORRY TO ALL MY READERS WHO READ THIS STORY! I know that I took a hiatus from this story, and I have a reason. I didn't feel the inspiration like I used to for this story, and I needed to take a step back to finish it and work on other stuff that were bouncing around my mind. But now that Life Lessons is done and I got all the smut out of my system, I was able to come back to this the past couple of days and really knock it out. Thank you for sticking with me through this and I hope this chapter was worth the wait! If not, I am terribly sorry.

* * *

><p>It was hard for us to take our daily flying lessons for the rest of the week, mostly because we'd rather be making out in the valley, Nightingale rolling his eyes every time we started.</p>

It's not really my fault. Whenever Kurt would come and join me in the valley after lessons, he'd give me this look where his lips pouted out and his eyes glistened the sun. How am I supposed to fly Kurt around when he's giving me that look that makes me want to kiss him senseless?

Dragon training has improved slightly now that Kurt was helping me out in subtle ways. Like helping me sneak in some extra grass so I can distract the dragons from killing me.

The week was perfect.

I should have known it was never going to last.

The following week the village saw the tell-tale signs of the ships coming to port into the harbor, meaning that they actually came back from their big dragon hunt. The first person on the docks was my father.

I watched from hut, not wanting to disappoint my father by running down to the dock.

I saw the other villagers come up to my father and say something to him, causing him to look very confused at them. He turned to Vermund, who had stood next to him as he walked around, and said something to him. Vermund shrugged and said something in response, making my dad stand up and put his chest out, like he was proud of something.

Of what I wasn't sure, but I didn't have time to question. Today was the 'big test'.

The big test is when the oldest and wisest member of the village

observed us fight this dragon and decide which one of us earned the privilege to kill his first ever dragon. It was an honor to be picked and it improved your image when you were.

I prayed to Thor and Odin that I wasn't picked and someone else was chosen.

At the arena, the others had dropped out early, most of them scared to face the dragon, others not wanting to bother with fighting it.

The only people left were Kurt and I. Kurt carried his huge axe, mostly for show for the elder and my-

My father.

I jumped when I realized he was there, but I avoided my gaze, trying to remember that all I had to do was scratch behind this dragon's ear and he'd come down and stop trying to hurt me.

The plan worked perfectly. The dragon went down, and I didn't get eaten.

The people watching us cheered as the dragon came to the ground, myself not having a scratch.

"So, is that it?" I said, wanting to leave as quickly as I could, "I'm just going to-"

"Not so fast Blaine," A voice behind me said, grabbing me by the neck and setting me next to Kurt. The voice turned out to be Vermund. He hovered his hook over Kurt's head, and I saw the Elder shake her head. He extended his other hand over me and she nodded and smiled.

I closed my eyes and breathed heavily though my nose. I was going to have to kill a dragon.

"What are you going to do Blaine?" Kurt said as we were riding Nightingale around the sky, "Tomorrow you're going to have to kill-"

"Don't remind me." I say, not wanting Nightingale to hear the awful news himself.

Suddenly, Nightingale's ears perked at something and he turned, almost knocking us off.

"Nightingale what's wrong?" I ask, but then look up and see a ton of dragons flying overhead, carrying fish and sheep with them. "Duck down," I whisper to Kurt, and he gets as low as he could on my saddle with me.

Nightingale follows the dragons to a rock and he flies in. "That must be the nest." Kurt whispers behind me, and I reach my hand out and grab his hand.

He lands behind a huge rock near the top of the cavern. The dragons start dropping their food into the cavern itself.

"Well, it's nice to know all our food is getting dumped down a hole." Kurt says behind me, and I have to stifle a laugh.

"They're not eating any of it." I say in return, curious as to why they're doing that.

A Gronkle flies in and drops down a very small fish, smiling to himself that he brought something. The rock started to shake with a growl that I could feel in my chest. The Gronkle looked down, but started to fly away. Suddenly, something came out of the hole and reached up for the dragon. It appeared to be a humongous dragon; one that I have never seen before in my life. It grabbed the other dragon with its entire mouth and swallowed it whole.

"What. Is that?" Kurt said behind me, not bothering to keep his voice down.

The huge dragon looked over at us and spotted Nightingale sitting there.

"Nightingale you've got to get us out of here." I say quickly, hoping he would take off and go.

He didn't move for a couple minutes, but he seemed to snap out of it and immediately took off before the dragon could grab us. We flew out of there as quickly as we could, rushing back to the valley.

"That's the nest Blaine!" Kurt said as soon as we landed, "We have to tell your father!"

"No. They'll find Nightingale and kill him." I shout, grabbing Kurt's arm before he could run off to the village.

"No?" Kurt shouts back, yanking his arm away from Blaine, "Blaine we just found the nest. The thing that Vikings have been searching for centuries, and you want to keep it a secret? For you pet dragon?"

I look at Nightingale, at how he's sitting there now, slowly drifting off to sleep. I turn back to Kurt.

"Yes."

End
file.